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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Reviewed by Stephen Leacock

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WALTER D. EDMONDS: "Recaptures something of the small-boy glory of the days of one-ring circuses and pink lemonade" . . . *(See page 7)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Parts of a New Civilization

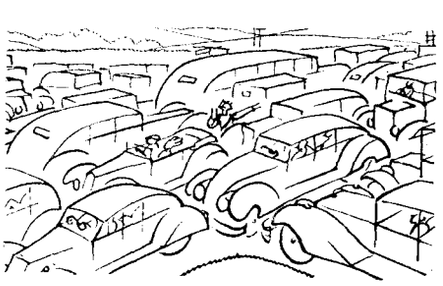
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

When Norman Bel Geddes came to write of motorways, he had to gather together his clever mathematics . . . and carry them off into a figurative ivory tower.

PICTORIALLY everything Mr. Norman Bel Geddes creates is interesting; perhaps mostly because it carries way beyond appearance into the operational. All of it gives that sleek, disciplined, bold, somewhat metallic and wind-blown impression which, when we feel, we call modernistic. The name is used too loosely; there is a repellent pretentiousness about it, too, as though supersession had been defied successfully; but I do not know how else to classify a manner which, in certain realms, he typifies. He did not create it, but he works in it as easily as though he had. And, as might have been expected in a style which was shaped by wind, earth, and water, as well as by the functional compulsion of less obvious forces, newly harnessed, it begins to appear in more inclusive designs—in city layouts, in parks and gardens, in motorways, in production plants, office buildings, and the like. But its use is strictly limited. There are realms to which it is forbidden, though its practitioners may not yet have made that discovery.

What the casual spectator sees when he looks at one of these creations gives him such a sense of ease and naturalness that he is apt to be deceived as no one ever was by the older, heavy, tortuous, elaborately decorated things. The assumptions are slicked over, the foundations are concealed, the weaknesses are de-emphasized; yet, because of approach to the cosmic, of presumptive naturalism, the elements are as much increased in importance as in mystery. The fidelity appropriate here is to the strangely complex harmony of elements in motion-filled union. Emergent *truth* is dependent upon multifarious assumption, and *accuracy* upon the most meticulous complex calculation. Criteria and bases are significant as they never were before.

I think it is not too much to say that the failure of Mr. Geddes is the failure of our generation, just as his success is also our success. It is not in individual works that he falters but in conceptions of wholeness, of fitting, of dependence, and of a smooth running order to contain the particular. As an industrial system we can make a beautiful train, but our railroads are insufficient; we can build a light and airy factory, which half the time is idle. And so it is with streets and buildings, with decorations and homes, with ships and harbors, and with the roads and motor cars which are Mr. Geddes's present preoccupation. It is so, too, with the famous American bathroom, for instance, which most farmers cannot have and which is cramped down to a travesty for all but the richest of city folk; and with the ugly boxes out of which wirelessed sounds come which may have originated wonderfully half way round the world. And as for our cities: the jewels there of design are set in dumps of an obsolescent hideousness; and even when they are juxtaposed their contrasts cancel out the bid of each for beauty. Incongruity never had more examples than in a modern America.



So that when Mr. Geddes came to write of motorways,* he had to gather together his clever mathematics, his vision of lubricated forces slipping into and upon one another, effortlessly and cleanlily, and carry them off into a figurative ivory tower. Whence he issued with a book styled out of concepts in which most of vocable America defiantly does not believe. If we are to renew our embrace of *laissez faire,* of individualism, of competition, rejecting collectivism, planning, overhead direction, we are not entitled to the beauty which the Futurama had or that which "Magic Motorways" forecasts. It has no relation with that aspiration.

What, it is asked, shall we say about the fact—for it seems to be fact—that the modernistic is liked? And that those who like it also like concepts which deny its implied ideology? That this is a paradox which will not continue I am prepared to believe. But how unhappy must a people be who have, meanwhile, to live with it! Or, to put the problem another way, how unhappy must they be who can conceive what is modern but who, at least for the time, cannot have it!

Let us see. These motorways of Mr. Geddes are not something in themselves. They are parts—and not the

**MAGIC MOTORWAYS. By Norman Bel Geddes. New York: Random House. 1940. 297 pp. $3.50.*

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most significant parts—of a fresh new civilization. Because it is to be conceived as one design, one operating whole, it must be, shall we say, coördinate. Everywhere its functions must be fitted to the thousandth of an inch. There must be no projection to catch the wind, no friction to slow the flow. And how is that to be achieved in a society which admits no general design and, above all, no overhead control? It will be seen that there is sheer contradiction in the statement of this ease and wholeness, and that other of free ventures for profit in an individualist and competitive world. Fairness compels the admission that Mr. Geddes has had intimations of this difficulty. He found, in his Futurama at Flushing Meadows, that he had to have cities and a countryside as a setting, so to speak, for his motorways. And that this setting could not contain either urban or rural slums. To be in keeping it needed, indeed, departure from anything we have as yet experienced. Otherwise it made no sense. And, in his book, too, he comes to a point where he speaks casually of such matters as fabrics "poured like paper" and made into clothes so cheap that laundering will not pay; of homes commonly air-conditioned; of "flameless stoves and rubless washing machines." All these wonders can now be seen at world's fairs. But almost no one can have them —a paradox which has puzzled many a man who did not regard himself as a philosopher. No less, I think, Mr. Geddes; for suddenly his imagination escapes: "The group of well-planned buildings — the community — is next. The country as a whole will follow. Living in such a world of light, fresh air, open parks, easy movement, the man of 1960 will more naturally play his full part . . . "

So far but no farther! He merely mentions the fact that " . . . planning is the only means by which the individual can fully develop." Instead of a wasps' nest of paradoxes this seems to him a simple truism. He even lingers for a moment to praise the TVA idea. It may be that the dichotomy so pitifully displayed here is more an individual than a social one. Perhaps our minds are divided, each within itself, just as our major attitudes group themselves into factual and traditional or, if it is preferred, radical and reactionary. Certainly there are passages in which Mr. Geddes seems to be troubled by the implications of a new Society. But this never emerges clearly. While there is darkness within, can there be light without? Or ought I to say: While there is darkness without can Mr. Geddes afford to light the lamps within?

There is this strange unreality mist-

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ing over American attitudes, making everything ghostly and contradictory. It is certainly the very people who are struggling with the birth of a new world—whose products, for instance, anticipate and are held back waiting for it, who elect themselves the prophets of "free enterprise," of uncoördination, whose praises of friction, profits, and uncertainty are projected untiringly from every loud speaker in a well-radioed land. No one makes such vociferous speeches for "individualism," for "competition and free enterprise" as Mr. A. P. Sloan. Yet Mr. Sloan cannot be unaware that his product awaits the Magic Motorways for the fulfilment of its destiny; at least he goes so far as to pay Mr. Geddes well, to project a vision of it. Is he unaware that his expensive Futurama might make him one of the most ridiculed, because least consistent, men in the history of our time? And what of the thousands who have stood patiently in cues—and who will again—to see the wonders of a civilization the incidents of whose creation they would resist with every drop of their free American blood?

Or is all of it a kind of self-hoaxing? Are we becoming confirmed in the habit of going places we profess to dislike, of doing things we hold to be wicked, of working at tasks our preachers and teachers tell us are immoral? Is all the talk issued forth to salve the moralist's feelings while we get on quietly with the serious business of collectivization? It is all very puzzling. And there are no answers in Mr. Geddes's book. There is even a justifiable suspicion that this somewhat harassed maker of modernism has forgot the limits within which he works. That is perhaps why the economics of his projection is so fantastic. A world, Mr. Geddes, which had motorways like these would have a spacious home for each family of us, an equipment for keeping us fit and well, a thousand times as adequate as anything now forecast, amusements and delights of a sort millionaires cannot presently find. There would be magic schools, with casements opening on some adolescent heaven; and industry would operate for the most part automatically, thus releasing us from the old tragedy of forced labor. Nothing short of this would seem congruous.

A nation fitted out with Norman Bel Geddes's Magic Motorways could not tolerate the slums of Brooklyn or of the Mississippi Delta, the miseries of California ditch-banks, or of Pennsylvania coal towns. Nor, Mr. Geddes, and Mr. Sloan, the particular professions of General Motors. Either this book is nonsense, or most of solemn industrial America is; how shall we choose?

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fidence. Catastrophe is thus inevitable.

The relief we feel when it does come is the relief of seeing an intolerable tension snapped, a tension brought on and maintained, not by Hamlet alone, or any single vice or virtue in him; not by the king, queen, or Polonius, but by the conflict of two great forces—Hamlet's driving moral purpose and the Court's united motives for hushing up scandal and banishing uncertainty.

But what about the soliloquies—the pale cast of thought and the injunction: "About, my brains!"? Doesn't Hamlet give himself away there as a nervous wobbler, a liberal who deserves his fate after tiring our patience? What we forget when we call him inactive is that he is not running the show alone; and when we call him vacillative, that he has a mind, into which we are allowed to enter at any time for a glimpse of theory or practice. The practice is wonderful enough: it is the succession of masterly moves from the feigned madness through the repulse of Ophelia to the foiling of the well-known firm of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Private Detectives. The theory is what this series of ghastly necessities forces upon a man who still retains a sense of values. They at Elsinore are not exactly leading the good life, and Hamlet is bound to raise the question with himself whether 'tis nobler in the mind to live with people of that sort or move to a quieter neighborhood. He is the only man besides Horatio who is not solely self-seeking. If we

(*Continued on page* 14)

CIRCUS BOY

CHAD HANNA. By Walter D. Edmonds. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 548 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

CHAD HANNA lounged on the porch of the Yellow Bud Tavern—a sort of York State Huck Finn, who might turn out to be something and who might turn out to be a town nuisance, depending on how the cards of his life were shuffled. "Vegetables has got mushrooms," Elias Proop had said, "animals have got rabbits, birds have got eggs, humans have people like Chad, there. One minute you don't know there is such a thing and the next minute they've got born, Lord knows how."

Then Mr. Bisbee, the advance agent for Huguenine's Great and Only International Circus, came by to put up his posters and, with his coming, life began to change for Chad. He met Albany Yates, the dauntless equestrienne billed as Lady Lillian, he met Fred Rossello, the high-rider and Ike Wayman, the matchless clown. It was only a small, struggling circus, amateurishly managed, and with Oscar, the mangy and enfeebled lion for its chief attraction—but, when Chad had to get out of town he went along with it, to rub his nose in the sawdust, know the good days and bad days that come to circus-folk, fall ineffectively in love for a while with Albany Yates and effectively with long-legged Caroline Trid, and helplessly find himself driven toward responsibilties that he never thought would be his. The tale of his ramblings, and those of Huguenine's Circus, through upstate New York in the thirties, makes a warm and picaresque yarn, told affectionately and in detail by Mr. Edmonds. There's a certain amount of plot—just enough to keep the story moving—but it isn't particularly important. Any reader who is used to romance will know from the start that Caroline will win over Yates.

Mr. Edmonds knows it so well that he hardly bothers to get us really excited about it. It is the detail and the background that count—the last days of Oscar, the lion, and the fight on the bridge, the leisurely, genial atmosphere, the admirably frantic attempts of Mr. Bisbee to provide a

Water color by Forrest Orr for "Chad Hanna."

new attraction to take Oscar's place, and the final grand transformation-scene with the red-and-yellow wagons swinging into a new town for the street-parade. If "Chad Hanna" is a minor item in the range of Mr. Edmonds's work—and it seems to the present reviewer just that—it is a thoroughly likable one. The same patient research that we found in "Drums along the Mohawk" has gone to its making—the same warm feeling for regional character. You'll have a good time with Huguenine's Circus. You'll be glad when Burke and Walsh, the rival circus-outfit, is foiled, you'll be glad when Mr. Bisbee miraculously produces an elephant out of his hat. You'll enjoy the speech about Bourbon and Ike's haysee-ride you'll enjoy many things along the way.

If you're looking for important work or another "Drums along the Mohawk," you won't find it in "Chad Hanna." The characters are characters of romance, sufficiently well-drawn to come to a brief life in the reading—for Mr. Edmonds is always a skilful and conscientious workman—but never really coming out of the book to take on that larger life which is the gift of great fiction. Nor is Mr. Edmonds's slow-paced narrative method always fortunate for this particular kind of story. He gets tangled up in his sub-plots and the sub-plots really don't add up to much in the end. But he has written an agreeable book and an entertaining one, and recaptured something of the small-boy glory of the days of one-ring circuses and pink lemonade.

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of Literature

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IMPLICATIONS OF THE RUSSELL CASE

I. *For Education*

ONE implication of Justice McGeehan's decision seems to have been over-looked—the astounding compliment he paid Bertrand Russell, and the concomitant reflection on the faculty of the City College. It is the Court's considered opinion that if Russell is allowed to teach there, the students will be so impressed by his personality that many of them will "strive to emulate him in every respect," including personal conduct; and will indeed go beyond any conduct of Russell himself, to misbehavior which they merely think he might approve. And Russell, Russell alone, will be thus taken as a model. On the faculty of the City College are hundreds of men and women, all of whom may be presumed to lead clean lives and entertain correct opinions; at least no taxpayer has yet seen fit to denounce any of them as "lecherous and venerous," or to demand their dismissal for fear of the hypothetical future consequences of observation of their behavior. But all their teaching will be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal beside the one man Russell. We needs must love the lowest when we see it, thinks Justice McGeehan, no matter what overwhelming preponderance of numbers and authority may be aligned on the side of virtue.

That such emulation of a teacher, whether for good or evil, is not the common practice of college students has been testified by Dr. Canby in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review*. But Justice McGeehan's conviction that people who have a choice between good and evil are likely to choose the evil is far more important than any question as to how college students actually do think and behave; it reflects a habit of mind from which springs the most dangerous doctrine in his whole decision—"academic freedom is the freedom to do good, not the freedom to teach evil." So far as this applies to colleges and universities it has already been discussed by Dr. Canby; but it appears to be enunciated as a general principle, valid *semper ubique et in omnes;* and as such it takes us right back to the seventeenth century. The men who wrote and adopted the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States believed they were getting rid of that doctrine; but if Justice McGeehan's major premise is correct that amendment means only that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech, provided a man speaks good and not evil; no law abridging the freedom of the press, provided it prints good and not evil—good and evil being defined as whatever seems good or evil to someone in authority, in this case to one of the many Justices of the Supreme Court of New York.

This principle, sincerely entertained by conscientious men who were sure that most people would prefer evil to good if they had the choice, has been the basis of every religious persecution in history, and of a good many other persecutions that were religious in spirit even if they had no theological background; it has probably been responsible for more human misery than any other belief ever entertained by the mind of man. We thought that at least in this country we had got beyond it; but if the McGeehan doctrine is correct such progress as we have painfully achieved by the blood of the martyrs is only regress, and we must go back to some authority, secular or sacred, to learn what is that truth which alone we are permitted to teach and to believe.

Fortunately the Supreme Court of New York is very far from supreme; and it is not yet illegal to hope for a different view of the matter from the Court of Appeals, even though the position has been officially abolished.

E. D.

II. *Legal*

THE legal implications of the Russell case may reach very far; we shall discuss here only that phase of it which involves judicial review of administrative decisions. Through the controversy over the National Labor Relations Board the public has become familiar with the legal proposition that the courts will not interfere with a ruling by an administrative agency which was arrived at after analysis of conflicting evidence. For years this principle has blocked appeals to the courts by teachers and other public employees challenging rejection by examining boards or dismissal by superiors. And in the Russell case Mr. Justice McGeehan recognized the force of these precedents in so far as objections to Dr. Russell rested on what the judge conceded to be controversial issues. He concluded, however, that another rule should apply where the field of criminal law became involved and that some of Russell's teachings advocated or encouraged violations of that law. Therefore he held he had the power to override the judgment of the Board of Higher Education on Russell's fitness to teach, basing his decision on the ground that the excerpts quoted in his opinion established Dr. Russell's moral unfitness. Without, at this time, arguing the correctness of this decision, in either of its postulates, let us see where it may lead.

The crucial fact in the case is that Judge McGeehan condemned Dr. Russell on the basis of a few statements of opinion selected from three of the large number of books Russell has written. This decision, if sustained, might serve as a precedent for annulling the appointment, and so taking away the livelihood, of any teacher or public servant who had at any time in his life expressed a view at vari-

(*Continued on page* 18)

Burton Saddler

By Jesse Stuart

FIVE minutes here among these killing noises.
Five minutes left for me to make my choice.
Five minutes passed and I says: "All right bosses
My hills are calling me: I hear their voice."
I left the white-hot slabs of steel forever.
I left the hooks that grab the white-hot steel.
I have come home a mountain flowing river
To flow and flow among these pine-clad hills.
I have returned a brother to the bluff,
I have returned to cradle and wheat and flail;
The hell of steel has sweated me enough,
My eyes are circled and my face is pale.
The sun will tan my face and give me life.
Fresh wind will put into my veins new blood;
The mountain storms can cut me like a knife
Among Spring's fluffy burst of bloom and bud.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Monument to Manning?

SIR:—I write to applaud your editorial on Bertrand Russell, although as a mere Englishman like Bishop Manning I do so with diffidence. In old times, the theologians persecuted for religion; now they do so for morals and politics. It may yet be well for Bishop Manning, who follows an ancient tradition of bishops in this matter, to reflect that in Rome a statue stands to Giordano Bruno but none to his persecutors. Perhaps a statue someday will be erected to Bertrand Russell; but whether the citizens of New York will build a monument to Bishop Manning is concealed from me.

There is, of course, much to be said for the Abrahamic morality of our Victorian forefathers. I was so brought up. We have departed from it—perhaps for evil. An aggressive feminism has changed the whole scheme of domestic relationships. The office has been brought into the home. In Lancashire, England, the women work in the textile mills; and the men draw the dole. The feminists may not know where they are going, but it must be clear even to a casual observer that the end of it must be a profound moral revolution—for good or evil; probably evil—affecting the whole institution of marriage. Instead of family life with its own satisfactions, men and women—after a middle period of moral anarchy—will come to regard themselves as public units, parts of a state and producing children as a duty towards that state. Monogamy becomes a back number. That process has already started and demands discussion.

It will be a disaster if those who have the genius to throw light on these issues and to expose these contradictions, that do now exist in the attempt of men and women to eat their moral cake but keep the icing, should not even be permitted to earn their living teaching logic. In these issues I should probably take the conservative side and Lord Russell the radical. But it is of the first importance to progress that no one should be economically penalized for discussing them honestly. The way to return to the Biblical morality of Abraham is not self-evident.

GEORGE CATLIN.

New York, N. Y.

Bertrand Russell and Al Capone

SIR:—That editorial in your March 30 number on Bertrand Russell by Henry Seidel Canby is a marvelous piece of logic. By the same reasoning I assume that if I am a payer of school taxes in Winona Lake, and if I have a child in the school here, and if the school board wishes to engage Al Capone to teach grammar to my child with money which I have paid in taxes, I have no right to object to the employment of this man for this work inasmuch as he is to teach grammar and not ethics.

Are men's writings and lives and teachings in such water-tight compartments that such reasoning could possibly be sound?

CARL L. HOWLAND.

Winona, Indiana.

A Teacher on B. R.

SIR:—Out of the welter of words written around the present controversy as to the fitness of Bertrand Russell to hold a professorship in our own College of the City of New York, I know none to which I take greater exception than these so well done in the editorial of *The Saturday Review* for March 30th.

As one who objects strenuously to this appointment, I feel that your comparison of the fight against Russell to Nazi or Communist theories is both poorly taken and untrue. There is no interest to "disqualify a mathematician" but to prevent a man from using his influence as such in a city-supported school, filled with the products of our city secondary schools, also city-supported. As a taxpayer I object to helping even a little in the exposing of these students to the influence of Russell as a man, rather than just as a teacher.

"The public insists upon in identifying a teacher with a preacher," you say, and that is true. As a teacher of many years, subjected as I have been to tests of all kinds designed to divulge opinions on all subjects, not on one alone, I think the Board of Education should agree to your statement.

You ask a number of questions in your editorial as to the fitness of "a Democratic carpenter" to build steps in a Town Hall, a Chinese philosopher to "lecture" on art, and an Arab mathematician to hold a position in a university. In the first case, the man would work with material not people, in the second he would lecture, not teach, and in the third case alone is there any comparison, to which the same objection would be brought as to Mr. Russell's appointment.

Surely you must be aware of the relative immaturity, of our present college students, as well as the great influence of the college professor outside of the class room on those with whom he comes in contact.

ELLEN M. O'CONNOR.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Might Make Them Think

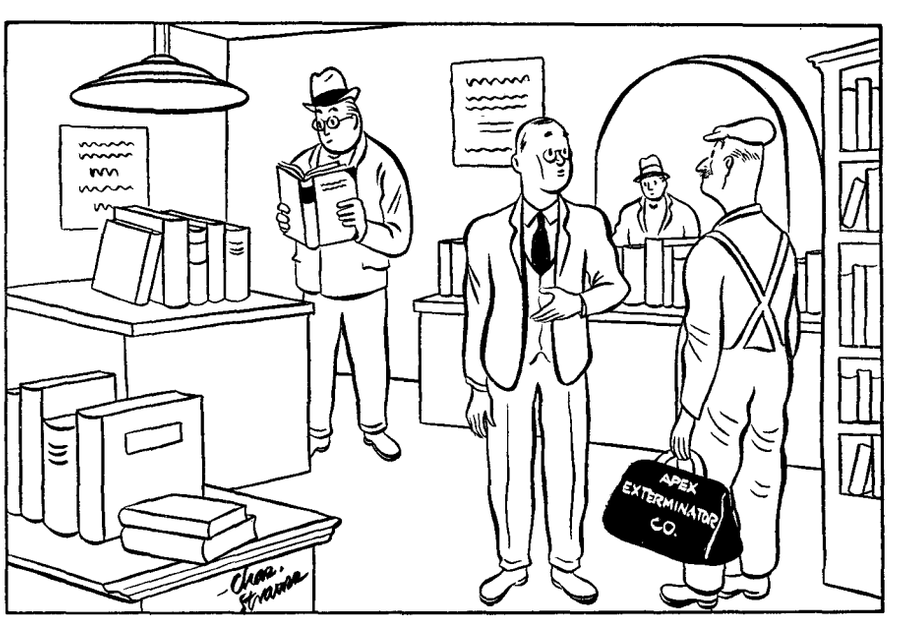
SIR:—I was extremely shocked to see your editorial in today's *S.R.L.*, and to think that you would countenance a person like that to teach young people. The mere fact that he would be there would be sufficient to make those young people think—and I do hope this new inquiry into the schools of which I read about in today's *Times*, will prevent this person taking his post.

Even if he is such an authority on certain problems of philosophy, better miss such knowledge than to learn it from such people as you write about.

I should like to state here that your article disgusted me so much I would not take the trouble to read it through.

MARY E. STERNBERG.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



"He's been there since a week ago Thursday."

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He Showed Us Our Own Country

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE: A Biographical Essay in Political Science. By J. P. Mayer. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 233 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THERE are distinguished writers about whom it is almost impossible to do much biographically, simply because they give the biographer no hold. They have no sharp edges, no neuroses, no love affairs, no adventures; their lives are their books, and that is all there is to it. Alexis de Tocqueville was such a writer. The most important thing that happened to him was a trip to the United States in the 1830s, a trip about which Mr. G. W. Pierson has written very fully in his "Tocqueville and Beaumont in America." He was a member of the French Chamber under Louis Philippe, and briefly a cabinet minister under the Second Republic, but he was not an outstanding politician, and the record of his political life is not very significant. Yet he wrote two important books, "Democracy in America" and "The Old Regime and the Revolution," which give him rank in the very forefront of modern political thinkers. Mr. Mayer has rightly contented himself with a brief outline of the life of this reserved and uncomplicated French gentleman, and has concentrated his attention on the criticism of Tocqueville's work as *politique et moraliste.*

This was a task that needed doing, for although all the manuals paid their respects to Tocqueville, and though Bryce, Faguet, and a few others have written illuminating essays about his work, there was no long study available in any language. Mr. Mayer has now supplied this want very satisfactorily. He has outlined Tocqueville's ideas, filled in some gaps by reference to his letters and less known writings, and supplied the fullest bibliography of writings by and on Tocqueville yet made. He does, perhaps, overestimate Tocqueville's wisdom and omniscience, makes him too much of a prophet of the modern mass-state. Yet the Frenchman did see more profoundly into the nature of the democratic society and the democratic state than any man of his time, and his warnings, if they are nowadays obviously sound, are all the more worth pondering. Tocqueville has over our contemporary prophets of doom the great advantage of calm and detachment. He is never excited, though he is writing about matters as fresh as the latest editorial.

"UPON THIS PLAQUE I hand you now," says Henry Seidel Canby (second from right), of the editorial board of *The Saturday Review*, to Clifton Fadiman (third from left), master of ceremonies of "Information Please," "are inscribed the words, 'For Distinguished Service to American Literature.' " The presentation was made during the Tuesday evening, April 2, broadcast of "Information Please." The plaque, designed by Robert Kronbach, is the first to be awarded by the editors of *The Saturday Review*. It was given to "Information Please" because it "had made information about good literature palatable to the millions." Shown in the photograph below are (left to right) Lewis Gannett, literary critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who was the guest of "Information Please" for the evening; John Kieran, sports columnist of the *New York Times;* Clifton Fadiman; Franklin P. Adams, *New York Post* columnist; Henry Seidel Canby; and Oscar Levant, composer and author of "A Smattering of Ignorance."

Literary Crackerjacks

NOT TO MENTION THE WAR. By Elmer Davis. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1940. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

ELMER DAVIS writes as well as he talks, which is saying a lot as a starter. I am not referring to his broadcasting either, though, as he might say himself but wouldn't, the customers seem satisfied. I mean that he writes as well as he talks when two or three are gathered together about a mahogany-table at five o'clock of an average dull afternoon, which thereupon turns golden till some bridge-hound steals him to help celebrate those meaningless and quasi-silent Eleusinian sub-mysteries. I can't understand how a really notable talker can submit to the slavery of passing or contracting for four spades at the laggard end of day when he might be lighting our darkness in Plato's cave.

He really does write as he talks, thoughtfully, gracefully, modestly, and unexpectedly. Of the eleven essays in this volume nine are absolute crackerjacks, full of the sort of observation not collected by two-spots, as also of criticism whose directed penetration makes you think of the dangerous beams of radiant particles with which elements are taken apart in the physics laboratory. None of his contemporaries is more deeply cultivated and none has less swank. None is kinder and none is more murderous when murder is called for, witness the fatal counterpoint he has written against a Gerald Heard melody that was as sour as green crab-apples. But he is always courteous no matter how downright in damnation. And his "operating-table manner" is so gentle, humble, and thoughtful that one rather wonders if the vivisected victim does not enjoy the process of being artfully cut up. Bernard Shaw and Belloc might well grin feebly at incisions so delicate and adroit in their literary viscera. Anyhow Shaw must relish being told that "Fanny's First Play" is even funnier than "Desire under the Elms."

The deservedly famous essay, "On Being Kept by a Cat," will naturally be turned to at once by readers whom it excited on its appearance in *Harpers.* It can stand it. It is one of the few modern instances of gay writing whose bloom remains after a second reading. And this is a large-minded and generous admission on the part of one of the solid majority of mankind who hate cats on profound philosophical grounds and would throw a brick, if opportunity presented itself, at General Gray himself. Be that as

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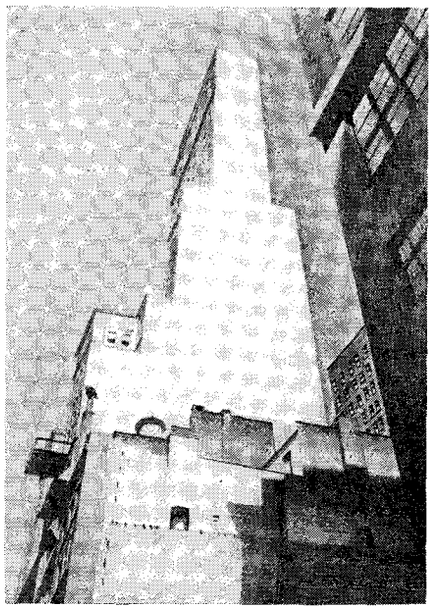
it may, the essay is truly delightful, even to a man who would rather be kept by a King Cobra or a Komodo Dragon than by any specimen of the false, fleeting, perjured cat-tribe.

But why waste words refuting a thesis self-evidently untenable. Delightful as the cat essay is, however wrong-headed, most of the others are as good or better. "The Reminiscences of 1913," "Notes on a New Bible," "On not Being Dead as Reported," and "The Imperfect Wagnerite" are every one too brilliant and poignant to be characterized except in a much longer review than can be squeezed into a couple of columns. One could easily tear off pages of disagreement or comment on any one of the provocative things which everywhere exhibit the writer's judgmatical and piercing sense of what is ridiculous and what is not. His wide reading and wide experience which have made him sympathetic and curious rather than pedantic and cynical have enabled him to paint the errors, anxieties, hopes, and desires of the times much better than most of the novelists whose mystery it is supposed to be. He notes the increasing barbarism and does not sneer. He considers the pathos and doesn't get sentimental. In fact when it comes to the estimation of what is on the fire or is just coming off the griddle, there is no more instructed, intelligent, and generally satisfactory commentator going.

I think he is a shade less so when there is a chance for the pathos of distance to operate. He is perhaps better when he illustrates the present with the help of the past than when he illustrates the past with the help of the present. I felt rather than knew that the paper on the Logic of History and the elaborate rehabilitation of the fascinating and much maligned Emperor Gallienus were less effective than the campaigns among us moderns. The lightness is there all right and so are the knowledge, the wit, the truth, and the poetry. But it seemed to me that the judicial humor that salts the other essays had lost a little of its tang, and that there was a slight air as of a lecture, particularly in the essay on Gallienus. But there is no doubt about the ability with which Mr. Davis presents the evidence which proves that Edward Gibbon was guilty of at least one considerable blunder.

This is a book which is fascinating, suggestive, and incredibly easy to read. It's fun to read and fun to write about. But don't go off with the notion that it's merely entertaining. There's a gleam on the water all right, but it's quite deep enough for gamefish to live in it.

Leonard Bacon is the author of "Dream and Action" and "Goose on the Capitol."



Lithograph by Charles Sheeler from "A Treasury of American Prints."

Utopia without Fiat

DESIGN THIS DAY. By Walter Dorwin Teague. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 291 *pp., with index.* $6.

Reviewed by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

IN the first sentence of his book on Design, Mr. Teague states that he has written the work without that constant aid of busy men with literary pretensions—the ghost writer. He also says that he has taken his time over the years and not hurried through the job. After finishing the volume, we pause and wonder if there is not a certain fusing of ideas obtained when one is burning to set down something in little words; if time is not often an enemy of action and if the sharp spearheads of social movements are not usually worn blunt by contemplation and too much talk.

However, taking the book as it comes, the portions that co-relate the various theories of design, from the Egyptians to Henry Ford, make a lucid, workable textbook for any one interested in creating an ordered beauty in an obviously disordered world. The chapters, wherein he condenses the theories of the Greeks' "golden section," for the building of the Parthenon, are as exciting as fiction.

Mr. Teague flows along easily with the current historical findings on the fundamental reason for man preferring this to that in the things that he sees and the things that he uses. He makes the Hambidge theory of "dynamic symmetry" seem gospel, and the reader is, for the moment, impelled to go out and count sunflower seeds, to see if his life is in proper order and sequence. The author knows all the reasons for the human animal demanding "rightness," proportions that can be taken in the scope of the eye and are satisfying to the soul. But he does not sufficiently explain why so many millions of us are content to go on with the useless and the ugly.

We like very much the arrangement of illustrations in dramatic juxtaposition. In a book of this sort it is so much easier to read the pictures as a complete story and take up the text at will.

Creative men are supposed to possess a perpetual hunting license in the prophecy field, or at least are not required to respect any closed season. Mr. Teague bangs away with the rest of them, and when he hunts with the pack, he brings down his fair bag of model housing, livable cities, and a planned civilization. But when he wanders off alone, into his seven-point program, his aim is not as happy.

For instance, he is angry at the railroads, dwells on their inflexibility, and harangues them for having forced industry and population to "coagulate" along the steel lanes to the detriment of the hinterland. Then, almost in the same breath, he advocates turning the railroads' rights-of-way into steel-walled channels which would carry the traffic of the country. Along these channels would be shot strange vehicles—a sort of bastard son of the automobile and the airplane—with propellors and fins to lift them slightly off the ground, for speed, and wheels on which they could settle down now and then for rest or slower movement. Two hundred miles an hour in these hoppers, he feels, would be about right. But what about this inflexibility of the railways? What about "coagulation"? A new use of an old evil does not seem, to us, to solve the vexing problem of transporting and distributing the country's wealth and goods.

Nor can we follow Mr. Teague when he advocates, a few pages after he has railed against dictators and their method of work, the building of a monument to Robert Moses. Those who know the Park Commissioner will describe him as a successful little dictator in his own closed realm.

Not that we do not like prophets. We do. But we like them with words that burn their beards, that frighten the greedy, the panders, the parasites into cover. Mr. Teague will be content with a Utopia that comes "step by step"—"all progress is opportunist, all plans should be tentative." It cannot be a Utopia, he continues, if it comes by fiat. After a decade spent beating the drum for spreading art appreciation, your correspondent is of the belief that if you don't use a fiat, you would do well to use a halter or a night-stick.

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Lord Dunsany's Magic Carpet

THE STORY OF MONA SHEEHY. By Lord Dunsany. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 334 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

ONE of E. Nesbit's enchanting fairy tales is about a family of children who came into possession of a magic carpet, and used it so enthusiastically that they wore it almost into holes; this proved disastrous, for if you were standing on one of the worn places when you wished your wish was granted only in a partial and transparent fashion. Lord Dunsany's new book is like that: a magic carpet which offers real enchantment, but with a number of thin places where the spell does not quite work. It begins excellently, when the beautiful and wayward Lady Gurtrim, driving home from a ball across the Irish moors, had a whim to stop the carriage and dance alone in the moonlight; and young Dennis F. O'Flanagan, encountering her in her white gown with the starry diamonds in her hair, took her for the Queen of the Fairies. And so, when the daughter she had borne secretly was sent to him, he called the baby Mona, from Slieve-na-Mona where her mother danced round the thorn, and Sheehy from the Shee, the fairy folk whose princess she was; and every one, even Mona herself, believed that she was the daughter of the queen of those it was not safe to name. So she grew up cold and aloof; and after she was driven out of the village for fear she would bring on it the wrath of the Shee, when she was wandering the roads with a party of tinkers, or working in the hideous city of London.

It may seem ungrateful to complain that the book is thin anywhere when it has so much incident and more besides—for when Mona has been rescued from the office where she was enslaved like the princess turned goose-girl, she must still be rescued from the burden of her heritage before she can be happy. And yet there is a pervasive thinness in the characters, who are deliberately kept to the plane of a fairy tale, without emotional depth or psychological complexity. It is after all a fantasy, and most fantasies are short; it is dangerous to spin them out to novel length. And where it is good it is excellent. There is the right romantic flavor to the tinkers, who know what is happening on the roads all over Ireland, for the roads are their home, "and is it likely a man wouldn't know what goes on in his own house? There is pathos in Mona exiled in London, and there is genuine satire in her considered judgment that when she was helping the murdering tinkers pass counterfeit half-crowns she was earning an honester living than when she worked in an advertising agency. "The Story of Mona Sheehy" is like a child who is a little gawky from growing past its strength, but who can at times be elfin, fresh, and lovely.

Woodcut by Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh

Lord Dunsany's new book is "like a child who is a little gawky . . ."

Island Backdrop

THE FLOOR OF HEAVEN. By Sylvia Chatfield Bates. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

WHATEVER may have been her intention for this material, Miss Bates has written, in effect, a play. Not a stage piece. The setting is too important and vital an element, the action too heavy and slow, the dialogue sparse and noncommittal as if introduced mainly for contrast to the more meaningful silences, and to prove that people native to such a world can speak, though they do so rarely and then only of what rests lightest on their minds and hearts. But nevertheless a play.

Here is the backdrop of sea and sky about and above a wooded island. We not only see it; we *are there*. We know that this play, whatever it is, will be performed on the same ground on which we stood, under trees which we can all but touch. Its sunset is ours, and when the fog rolls in, it encloses us with the rest, shutting us off from the world and in upon ourselves, where so many dread to be.

We see Johanna Fair first as a still figure in color, most conceivably by an Italian artist. Then she is moving up the path toward the little old farmhouse where she lives alone many weeks of every year, but to which her husband, Ben, who follows the sea, is to return that night. When he comes, he brings the girl whom he has chosen to take with him on his voyages.

Ben Fair is an enigma in the beginning and remains so to the end; never satisfactorily accounted for either as a man or as husband to Johanna. Unable to explain himself, he has never been understood by anyone with whom he associated. We meet such people in life. Such characters are readily accepted in plays. But I believe we are right in expecting rather more revelation in a novel.

Watching Ben Fair and Flora Martin, it is impossible not to recall Steinbeck's Lennie and the rancher's bride. We sense that in the end Ben will do as Lennie did; we are sorry for him, feel great fear both of and for him, as with Lennie, but we are not led to admire, to love, or to excuse Ben on any grounds, and the novel-reader cries out against this, that with the book firm in his hands he remains as bewildered, blind, and helpless as Johanna.

This frustration could be better endured if we felt we *were Johanna*. But Johanna is that young woman walking up the path there among her assorted animals; moving about her kitchen with bowls of chowder; lying in bed looking at the stars; standing on the ridge, peering through a telescope. We are very near her. We see her plainly. But she is alone in her place. And we in ours.

Now the fog rolls in, shutting her yet farther away from all that lies beyond herself. Then by an instant's rift we see the fourth character come in, Piers April, a shipwrecked sailor. Now we see and hear just what we should have seen and heard had we been shipwrecked too, that night on Speedwell, and crept up under Johanna's lamplit window. They are sturdy, homely figures in frugal, homely interiors. This section is the most complete and the richest in the book.

Toward the end many threads must be tied. Flora meets her destiny and Ben his. Piers April comes and goes, now in one relationship to Johanna, now in another, as the occasion demands. And always Johanna walks on, steady but troubled as her own brown eyes, keeping to a fixed course like the stars, and finding earned peace at the end. Many women like her have lived. In "The Floor of Heaven" the part of one is played with beauty and vigor, against a backdrop of sea and sky played by itself, infinitely various and beyond compare.

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He Labored to Understand Men

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO: American Judge. By George S. Hellman. New York: Whittlesey House. 1940. 399 *pp., including index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

THE worth of Mr. Hellman's biography lies not in the occasional pages devoted to the great Justice's opinions, but in what constitutes a far larger part of the book: Mr. Hellman's full and satisfying compendium of everything, from private letters to chance remarks, that can tell a reader exactly what Cardozo's friends thought of him, and why. What we have here is not a complete, definitive biography, but a loving memorial to a great American. Some day the whole story will be written; among other things, it will trace this man's life through each court term, giving us detailed account of the Albany and Washington years. Such a book, if skillfully done, might well have the stature of Sandburg's Lincoln, for here, I think, is a companion figure. Meanwhile, Mr. Hellman's affectionate and wholly readable book must go, not only into the lawyer's library, but into the civilized layman's. The author is admittedly more concerned with Cardozo the man than with an evaluation of the decisions in which he took part. Mr. Hellman has performed his task with care. Whatever analyses of Cardozo's career may follow, this book has compassion and beauty.

I am going to begin with Mr. Hellman's closing words. At the funeral of Benjamin Nathan Cardozo there was nothing in the way of eulogy. A few of the Psalms, a few of the Proverbs. The ancient forms were observed—the traditional Hebrew prayers of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews all according to the custom of his distinguished ancestors.

To go back to the beginning, Mr. Hellman starts his work, as one might expect, with stories of Cardozo's family, the extraordinary clan that has played such a vital part in America's history, and New York's, in particular. Soon, however, we come to Ben and his friends, the latter a fascinating group in its own right. From Horatio Alger, who for a time was young Ben Cardozo's tutor and to whom Mr. Hellman accords a good descriptive line ("A dear, absurd man—one remembers him well"), to Chief Justice Hughes, a lifelong friend, who stood with tears in his eyes in Cardozo's apartment in Washington, when the end was drawing near, and heard the beloved jurist say softly, "They tell me I am going to get well, but I file a dissenting opinion."

Throughout the pages of Mr. Hellman's book these friends appear and reappear. It is what they say and write to Cardozo, and what Cardozo says and writes to them, that illuminates the character of the great humanist. It is good to know, for example, that when a group of artists and writers in the Century Association wished to give a dinner in his honor, they said, "Judge Cardozo, we are not inviting you because you are a great jurist. We painters and writers are inviting you because you are a great artist." And so he was, a master of the language, infusing the judicial process with a new beauty as well as a new wisdom. He was the man who could write,

> In the cathedral of law, as in the cathedrals of a living faith, the consecrated labors, the hopes and prayers and yearnings and aspirings of multitudes that have gone before us, some of them remembered, many more of them forgotten, have been built into the walls and speak their message yet to the ears of the devout. Other things, indeed, have been built there, too—errors and superstitions and cruelties and hatreds. The blight of decay is on them, and they crumble with the years. The walls stand firm withal. Spire and minaret and dome still struggle toward the skies.

The friends were well repaid. There was so much to treasure, so much philosophy and, to balance it, so much wit. A master of the language, he could say in the course of his Yale lectures, "If we cannot escape the Furies, we shall do well to understand them," and on the other hand, when Harvard's honorary degree had been added to his already enormous accumulation of laurels, could regale his Cousin Maud with a letter describing the appalling heat of that June day—it was the heat that mattered; L.L.Ds were hardly a novelty any more—saying that he had earned the degree by the sweat of his brow. For philosophy there was the brilliant conclusion of his now-classic opinion in *Macpherson v. Buick Motor Co.,* an opinion which demonstrated to his colleagues in the New York Court of Appeals how a less formalistic interpretation of the law could benefit a changing world, and for wit there was his Gilbertian note to Dr. David de Sola Pool, after the latter had come to the Capitol to give an address on Zionism, impartially lecturing in favor of it for twenty minutes and against it for another twenty: "The newspapers tell me that you were in Washington yesterday and had a triumphant discussion with yourself."

Pirie McDonald

Benjamin N. Cardozo was a "great artist."

Mr. Hellman handles intelligently the inevitable comparison of his subject with Justice Holmes, happily applying to both jurists Spinoza's line, "I have labored carefully not to mock, lament, and execrate the actions of men; I have labored to understand them." Recognizing that Holmes and Cardozo walked widely separate ways —"for Holmes the gusto of life, the lustiness of it. Not so for Cardozo. They met in an appreciation of life's essential values. They met also as artists"—Mr. Hellman sensibly does not discredit one at the expense of the other. Holmes still remains the lawyers' lawyer; this none will question. But in Cardozo, Holmes himself saw the difference, the extraordinary spirituality of soul, that gave the younger man a higher distinction. In the old soldier's words, "A beautiful spirit!" Franklin D. Roosevelt, quoting this to Mr. Hellman, added, "What more can be said of Benjamin Cardozo? Learned, beloved, courageous, saintly. I am grateful that I was privileged to know him."

Unquestionably, Mr. Hellman's readers may say the same thing. I acknowledge that in "Benjamin N. Cardozo: American Judge" there are moments of extravagance, even of bathos, but when someone is dearly loved by the members of his private world, with a good portion of the public world thrown in, I have an idea that this is inevitable. It is true that in Mr. Hellman's book the praise is protracted but, except for a few excessively maudlin paragraphs, such as the ones dealing with Cardozo's fondness for dogs, this element could hardly have been reduced to an appreciable extent. One might just as well object, say, to a biography of Father Damien on the grounds that he wasn't sufficiently disliked by those he helped.

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Important Thing Is, It Works

POLITICS OF DEMOCRACY. By Pendleton Herring. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 468 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by M. E. TRACY

PENDLETON HERRING does a good job in analyzing the "politics of democracy." He goes into great detail, particularly disagreeable detail. When you get through, you know all about the loose talk, stage tricks, smoke screens, trumped-up arguments, selfish interests, and diversified pressures which make the system tick. You become familiar with the clumsiness, incompetence, and lost motion involved. Metaphorically speaking, you are up in an intellectual balloon where you can look down on the hopeless milling, stampeding, and generally inchoate movement of the vast and bewildered multitudes.

At the end of his book Mr. Herring has this to say:

> The democratic way lies not in the preservation of any fixed set of institutions nor in rule by any one set of interests, but in the constant readaptation of ideals and organizations to answer emerging social demands.

That sounds very much like a negative way of saying that the object of politics in a democracy is to preserve democracy, and that democracy is desirable because it enables people to get things done.

In other places Mr. Herring says, "The good and bad are inextricably mixed up under democracy as under any other institution," that "the task of democratic politics is to evolve and execute a policy reflecting the desires of the community and capable of meeting current demands for security and prosperity," and that "the theory of government by discussion assumes that by airing differences men may arrive at agreement."

> The purpose of this book (he explains in the Foreword) is to analyze the politics of democracy in order to show the nature of our party system and its relations to other social processes. We shall examine the factors which are commonly treated as grave dangers to democracy: machine control, pressure politics, propaganda, monied interests, patronage, and bureaucracy.

The promise is fully redeemed, and then some. You are given a comprehensive view of American politics from every conceivable angle. At the end you are sure that the majority of people are perfectly right in looking upon it as pretty bad, but as still the best system ever devised, because it works.

Mr. Herring's scholarly book—and it is scholarly from beginning to end—illustrates nothing so beautifully as the difference between the way things are discussed academically and the way they are actually done. Here you find the philosophical background of buttonholing, baby-kissing, ward-heeling, pressure-producing, propagandizing, kowtowing to group interests, appealing to prejudice, promising to satisfy those with a pet peeve and those with a pet hobby, and all the other maneuverings by which popular sentiment is ribbed up, candidates elected, and programs put into effect. Here you see yourself and your fifty or sixty million neighbors who are eligible to vote reflected in a sort of crystal maze, with mirrors on the floor, walls, and ceiling. Meanwhile, may one suggest that politics and democracy are inseparable, that they bear about the same relation that housework does to homemaking, and that each defines the other in a more or less inexorable way? When a family sets up a home, its job is pretty well cut out, and the same thing is true when people establish a democracy. You can't keep a home without so much dishwashing, floor-sweeping, rug-cleaning, and dirt-removing. No more can you maintain a democracy without going through similarly monotonous motions. As Woodrow Wilson once said, "The only way to keep a white post white is to paint it."

Politics is just a medium by which people operate a democracy, and democracy is just a medium by which they translate their hopes, fears, desires, and aspirations into law, all of which is brought out in Mr. Herring's book.

M. E. Tracy, editor and historian, is the author of "Our Country, Our People, and Theirs," and a forthcoming book, "New World Challenge to Imperialism."

HAMLET'S POLITICS

(*Continued from page* 7)

blame him at all, let us frankly blame him for that, and write ourselves a new play, a chronicle of an overambitious young prince feeling his oats, who would hasten into his inheritance by killing his uncle, and who lost his life in the attempt.

In the tragedy as we have it, the so-called vacillation seems to me to play little part. Hamlet has no time to vacillate. He has barely time to think politically, and he acts, like the rest of us, sometimes on impulse, sometimes with forethought. Just as in the fiction of the liberal with his alleged anemia, the question of individual temperament is here also irrelevant. Hamlet, like his father before him, is a man. No *mere* liberal would get such a funeral oration from Fortinbras as Hamlet gets, and if we are tempted to think that Laertes's swashbuckling is the real filial virtue, we have only to behold its upshot to see that it was but stupid brutality. Hamlet, in contrast with him, gives "no unproportioned thought his act" and fails in the teeth of superior forces. But in that failure we discover the tragic terms upon which it is chiefly given us in this world to act. Hamlet is not a kind of solemn Bunthorne, holding up a lily symbolic of his white liver and true political complexion. He is Everyman insofar as every man thinks and acts for moral ends. So conceived, perhaps, Hamlet's liberalism makes sense. The time is out of joint, and as things fall out, Hamlet cannot set it right. None the less, his probity has the satisfying effect of getting the authors of the rottenness liberally hoist with their own petard. Hence the lesson of "Hamlet," like that of most tragedies, is not that a better man would have succeeded, but that a worse man might have accomplished something that would have been a travesty of success.

Jacques Barzun is a member of the Department of History at Columbia University, and the author of "Of Human Freedom," published by Little, Brown & Co.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 315)

LAURENCE BINYON

A SPRING SONG

Not yet a bough to bud may dare
On the naked tree.
Yet happy leaves in the bough prepare,
And could I see
Far as a soaring bird, I know
Where young in sheen
The willow, swaying soft and slow,
Laughs gold and green.

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Etching by Beatrice S. Levy from "Fine Prints of the Year." (1933)

Perspective on the Old South

THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE. By Harry Kroll. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1940. 413 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

AT a time when Mr. Selznick is making alive for millions the legend of the lost South in terms of greater halls than it often possessed and in brighter colors than it ever wore, Harry Kroll has written the story of the Big House South as it appeared to more white Southerners than sat on its wide piazzas.

Mr. Kroll has told his story in terms of the boyhood and youth of Lett Capers, illegitimate son of the plantation master by his overseer's wife. It is by no means an entirely pretty story as Lett saw it, though there were moments of ecstasy in it (as when young Lett lay in the shrubbery watching the dancing and listening to the music) as well as times of trouble and of pain, ambition, and frustration. But it is a drama of life which marches to change—to that war which the planters made but which overturned their world—to the new world beyond it in which new villainy is better understood for realization of insensitiveness in the past.

Much of the white South even while it fought saw that war as a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. Between them Lett Capers was as divided as his blood. He played too often a tough and slippery part in his relations with both sides. And though at the end he emerges triumphant, he emerges far from magnificent. Perhaps the noblest character in the book, in which the aristocrats are too conventionally drawn despite the arrogance added to their attitudes of grace, is Lett's strong, honest, quarrelsome peasant mother. The Negroes are real, and tragically real are all those whites who were often less secure than the slaves. More important than the career of Lett Capers is the picture of the white men who surrounded but did not share the high and graceful civilization said now to have gone with the wind.

Mr. Kroll's book will not change many minds. Certainly it will not destroy the legend of the lost South, which is now vastly greater than it ever was before 1865, but such readers as wish to understand the civilization which did depart will find here something new and virile and fundamentally true in Southern historical novels.

There are some flaws in the book. Its story is not always compelling; sometimes it is overdrawn; sometimes its characterization falters, but a truth emerges from it which is too much lost and which needs to be understood. The Big House South was like the millionaire present. Often big cotton planters were only the Coca-Cola bottlers of their day and most white Southerners from Jamestown to this hour have been scratching hard, far down under talk of traditions which came down from Athens and Rome, for decent living in the South, and seldom finding it easy to secure.

Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, *is the author of "A Southerner Discovers the South." A new book, "A Southerner Discovers New England," is shortly to be published by the Macmillan Company.*

Sensibility and Sense

MARIANA. By Sally Salminen. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 345 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ISABELLA W. ATHEY

THIS is a novel which only a woman could have written, for its main theme is the life of a girl who is not herself significant, but whose development involves problems and attitudes which are important and appealing to almost any woman. The daughter of a poor Aland Island family in which she is unintentionally spared the routine of farm chores, and at the same time spoiled by more wealthy relatives, Mariana is quite unadapted to the kind of household into which she rather inevitably marries. With her incipient neuroses and snobbery she might have developed into a Finnish Madame Bovary. But Miss Salminen has a feminine practicalness, and she looks upon her characters with a positive and functional eye. While she has sympathy she is not indulgent toward Mariana's moody nature. This anti-sentimentality is a form of optimism, and explains the author's tidying off the fortunes of most of the people in the novel. One cannot but suspect her of being a little too much the economical housewife, in giving a happy ending to Mariana's incompatible marriage.

This is as much the story of a community as it is of an individual, and as a result it is almost too rich with supporting players who walk on and off without sufficient documentation. They give scope, however, to the author's sense of humor, and provide dialogue which is more convincing and interesting than the descriptive and analytical parts of the book. For the conversation stands up better under translation than the passages dealing with scenery and general comment. Sea and land are tinged with the poetical, and it is thus impossible to judge fairly a feeling for nature which is obviously of great importance to the author.

This is much more than rental-library escape fiction, for in it common sense keeps an eye on sensibility, and the faults reflect an energetic and observant mind. Miss Salminen has still too much to say, and at the same time she is not sufficiently explicit; she must learn that readers are colder and less creative than she and will not bother to unravel the implications of obscure characters. If she were more selective, and assumed less imagination in her audience, she would find that in "Mariana" there is material for several novels.

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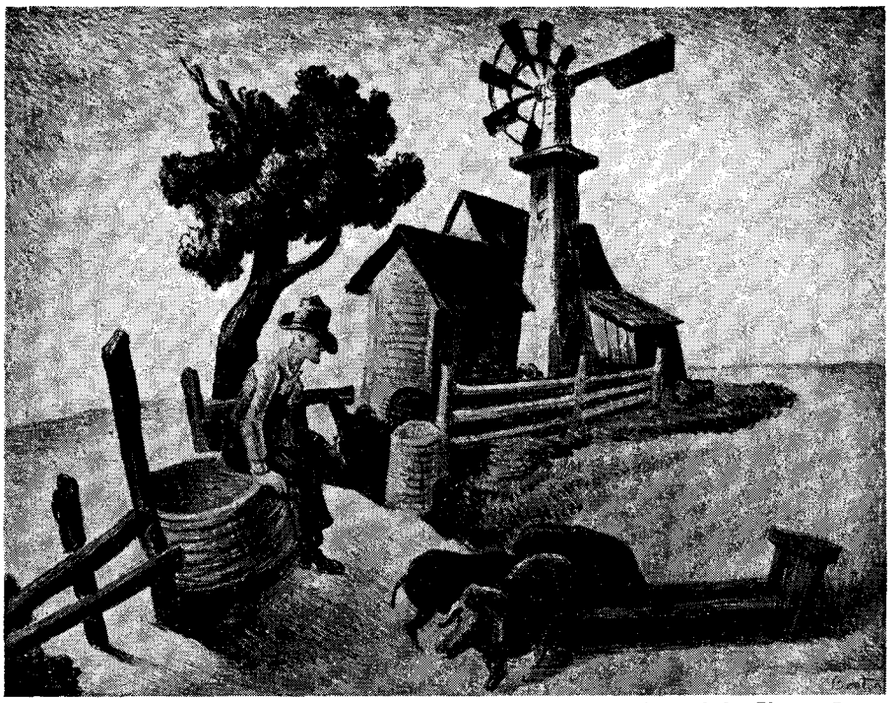

Lithograph by Thomas Benton

The Story of "Woodpecker Jan"

THE WINDS OF SPRING. By Walter Havighurst. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 323 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN the spring of 1842, "Jan Carl Sorenson, just graduated from the University of Upsala and now a Fellow in Sciences, was on his way to the bleak moors and wild shores of Lapland for a collecting tour." On the island of Lofanger he found the rare roseate Arctic gull, and he also found Margretta. When Captain Sorenson decreed that no son of his should marry an ignorant island girl, Jan turned his back on the rich family estates in Varmland, abandoned academic ambitions, and set out with his bride to create a home in the newly opened territory of Wisconsin. Jan and Margretta were young, loving, and full of hope. She dreamed of "a big house, someday, with twenty windows," and a great farm. He took success and the house for granted, but they did not figure in his dreams. As they strode bravely along the thin wagon road beyond Milwaukee—he in his brass-buttoned student's coat, with the emigrant box on his shoulder; she carrying her bridal chest—his eyes were all for birds and ferns and flowers and mosses. When they halted, his flute came out to play bird-calls and evoke responses. Their lives lay ahead of them: their common life, and a life that could not be shared. "The Winds of Spring" tells the thirty-year story.

Jan was not born to be a farmer and he never became one. He worked hard, did his poor best, and somehow muddled through, thanks to Margretta's incessant toil and neighbor's help. But the first ragged farm remained ragged, and no more acreage was claimed or bought. To the last, his pasture was hummocky and his cornfield sparse; the only cow he ever had was given to him, and he could never raise a crop of wheat. "All over America a tide of opportunity was rising," but the Sorensons did not move with it as their neighbors did—as did Peter Lund, most successfully of all. Huge barns were raised, real houses built; fat herds prospered, the railroad came, towns were settled—and still Jan and Margretta were plowing with oxen and living under a sod roof. The farm suffered while he was busy with his specimens, cabinet, notebooks, and taxidermy. When he went out to kill a marauding wolf he forgot his quest, to return with a warbler's nest.

He had no feeling for the land, as had his acquisitive fellows, but he was supplying the museums of the world with unfamiliar and vanishing specimens. Margretta could not understand what he was doing, his neighbors knew him as "Woodpecker Jan," and he might often think of himself as a failure; for his modesty would not let him foresee that a man as great as Agassiz might one day call him "the best field ornithologist in America," nor could he at first guess what important role he had performed in handing on the scientific torch to young and ardent David Wick. But he did know that he must seek his own kind of fulfillment in his own way; and if that fulfillment was beyond Margretta's understanding, and different from the one she broke her heart for, it was not beyond her joy when he found it.

This story, in which the comparative values of success and failure are delicately studied, balanced, and revealed, captures the reader by degrees, at first attracting him by simple charm, finally impressing him by its thoughtful strength and by a beauty that promises to be enduring. The contrasting but irrevocably linked characters of Jan and Margretta are finely drawn. The descriptions of nature, evoking the plant-life and bird-life of pioneer Wisconsin in their seasonal settings, are filled by telling detail but never marred by over-elaboration. And the broader strokes on the canvas are firm and true: we feel and understand the extraordinary pioneer thrust that cleared forests and built towns; we see a whole generation of American rural and business enterprise embodied in the figure of Peter Lund, who could come from a Nordland fishing-boat to take his assured place, after only a few years, among the cattlemen, mining men, lumbermen, and railroad men.

Mr. Havighurst has been doubly fortunate: in knowing his subject so well, and in being so well able to write of it. I hope that a host of readers will discover this.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

20 FAMOUS PEN NAMES

Listed below are the real names of twenty writers who achieved wide fame and popularity under pen names. Can you recall their pseudonyms? Allowing 5 points for each one, 70 is par; 80 is good; 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. Francis Marie Arouet.
2. Charlotte Bronte.
3. Charles Farrar Browne.
4. Samuel Clemens.
5. Edmee Elizabeth Monica de la Pasture.
6. Louise de la Ramee.
7. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.
8. Mme. Amantine Lucile Aurora Dupin Dudevant.
9. Mary Ann Evans.
10. Benjamin Franklin.
11. Donald Grant Mitchell.
12. James MacPherson.
13. Hector Hugh Munro.
14. Fulton Oursler.
15. William Sidney Porter.
16. George William Russell.
17. Henry Wheeler Shaw.
18. Jacques Anatole Thibault.
19. Louis Marie Julien Viaud.
20. Willard Huntington Wright.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Art

THE STORY OF ART: The Lives and Times of the Great Masters. By Regina Shoolman and Charles Slatkin. Halcyon House. 1940. 332 *pp., with index.* $2.95.

Imagine a colossal senior essay by an enthusiastic but rather ill informed and wholly immature aspirant who has recently discovered art and wishes to record his discovery, and you will have about the literary and critical quality of this book. There is an error of one sort or another every three or four pages. The style, generally unidiomatic, runs from turgid flights through badly novelized bits and commonplace narrative to occasional vulgarities. Now and then the compilation, especially on the English school, is fairly competent and intelligent. The author's choice of "Great Masters" is at least highly personal. For example, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, Sancret, Hoppner, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, and Daubigny are rather fully treated, while Masaccio, Antonello da Messina, and Mantegna and Piero della Francesca are barely mentioned. Such is the fate of Géricault, Delacroix, and Daumier. Ingres is ignored.

It is easy to see why such a thing should be written; entirely mysterious why it should be printed in small folio and furnished with 120 inferior but probably expensive color illustrations. Possibly for the multitude of half-baked readers, half-baked authors must rush into print, but why should reputable publishers abet the rush?

F. J. M., Jr.

AND HE SAT AMONG THE ASHES: A Biography of Louis M. Eilshemius. By William Schack. American Artists Group. 1939. 303 *pp., with index.* $3.

In sponsoring a series of monographs on living artists, the American Artists Group concerns itself less with how posterity will evaluate their achievements than with presenting material—personal, social, artistic—which can best be gathered in the subject's lifetime. Mr. Schack, a Boswell to Eilshemius in this second volume of the new series, combines sympathy for the Job-like afflictions of the Mahatma of 57th Street, with a healthy detachment. The results are both lively and informative, even though the biographer occasionally reflects the odd banality of Eilshemius's own poetic style.

Mr. Schack clarifies, without attempting literally to "explain," the remarkable unanimity with which Eilshemius's paintings were snubbed by fellow-artists, by the public, by dealers, and by critics; and the record is one of which neither the artist's generation nor ours can be proud. Had recognition and patronage, however, come earlier, one questions, on the evidence of Eilshemius's mental makeup which these pages contain, whether the man's creative powers would have been ripened thereby. Eilshemius had Van Gogh's defiance of convention without the latter's profound humility and love for his fellows. He had Cézanne's obstinacy without Cézanne's capacity for self-criticism. Incapable of thinking through any problem, personal or artistic, the painter whose landscapes are small masterpieces of lyricism, of fresh insight into nature, carried on to old age without maturing, in part because his contemporaries were so obtusely unaware of his gifts, in part because of an anarchic personality which would not or could not attach itself to sources of growth and renewal. The hero of his plays, novels, poems, and letters is himself. He awards himself an M. A. degree, and prints an advertisement in the *Sun* which describes him as Educator, Ex-actor, Amateur All Round Doctor, Mesmerist-Prophet and Mystic, Reader of Hands and Faces, Linguist of five languages, Ex-mimic, animal voices and humans, etc. He is the child who never grew up, and who screams and makes faces to demand attention. This is the tragedy, or more properly the pathos, of the untidy and broken-minded old man of seventy-five who now alternately curses and cajoles visitors from a wheel-chair in 57th Street.

O. L.

Fiction

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT. By Anne Pence Davis. Macmillan. 1940. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

The world-in-little once more appears in a novel, the microcosmos this time being a North Texas department store. As Miss Davis describes it, Stacy's is the center not only of windy, sandy Plainstown, but of the lives of those who work in the store. To some it is a jealous mistress, to others a fostering mother, to all a benevolent tyrant.

Following a conventional pattern, the narrative is divided into four parts, one for each season of Stacy's year. It begins in the Spring, when fashion outstrips the weather, progresses through the installation of summer air-cooling, continues with the College Style Show and the Pioneer Day Parade of Fall, and winds up in winter after the Christmas rush. There is an equally predictable set of characters: the aloof head of the store, Mr. Stacy, the merchandising man next to him, buyers, advertising staff, window dressers, faithful old employees, less faithful young employees, beauty parlor operators, loyal night watchman who gives life for store, wife neglected for Stacy's, and negro janitor.

But however typed and unaffecting the characters may be, the author unquestionably knows the mechanics of running a department store. She gives the lay reader pause by demonstrating what back-breaking, brain-cudgeling work precedes and follows not only every seasonal change but every day's routine.

As for the customer's always being right—the conceit is ironic. Customers whom Mrs. Davis has observed at Stacy's (and Stacy's is a representative American department store) take the firm at its word and consider themselves right in returning goods after damaging it, in taking out a fine garment to be copied and sent back, in obliging the clerk to "gift wrap" each of the nine-cent handkerchiefs bought on sale. They become furious if the French Room cannot transfigure their lumps and bulges; they snag stockings with their rings. In the washrooms, where they tuck away stolen merchandise, cut the towels, deface the walls, and clog the plumbing, they are at their nauseating worst. They are customers. They are right.

S. C.

TITANIC. By Robert Prechtl. Dutton. 1940. 368 *pp.* $2.50.

The White Star liner *Titanic* sank after colliding with an iceberg on Sunday morning, April 14, 1912. When she went down, 1,500 of her full crew and passenger list of 2,208 were carried with her. The world, less accustomed to a daily ration of horror than it is today, was profoundly shocked. The

"A small but unforgettable masterpiece."
—STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Åke and His World

by Bertil Malmberg

"This is not a child's book; it is one of the world's best books about a child."—MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, *N.Y. Herald Tribune Books.* Illus., $2.00

FARRAR & RINEHART, N.Y.

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disaster was viewed as a warning by the religious, a technical blunder by the scientific-minded, another symptom of a reckless era by the philosophical. In the ensuing years some forty-three books and pamphlets have presented the picture of that fateful maiden voyage; extant are poems, memoirs, films, histories, proceedings, memorials, and relief reports in half a dozen languages.

This is extraordinary coverage. The mere facts about the *Titanic* and their testimonial to human dignity and courage in the face of death still produce shudders. The same cannot be said for Mr. Prechtl's novelistic orchestration on a plan that suggests the author's admiration for Thomas Mann's "Zauberberg." He sees it as an allegory: it was not merely the sinking of a ship but of a period, and the "Titans" aboard were only the first of an obsolescent class to meet extinction.

The intention is praiseworthy, the method almost as old-fashioned as the jacket illustration. All characters, real and imaginary, are painted in broad black-and-white strokes denoting either Virtue or Villainy. The already incredible tale is over-embroidered with wordy philosophical dialogues, economic and historical discussions of a studied and peculiarly Germanic profundity heavy enough to have sunk the ship without nature's intervention. Some of the invented melodramatics concern (a) rich and silly virgin seduced by blackmailer; (b) inarticulate secretary passionately attached to her employer; (c) tall, handsome blonde brother and sister on the verge of incest; (d) thieves trapped in strong room—Thief One murders Thief Two then.

Expansion of the tale to include all decks of the ship doesn't seem to have made it more thrilling; it has more impact in the encyclopedias. Possibly this is because they consider the ship as a beautiful, swift-moving thing of steel. Mr. Prechtl sometimes makes the reader feel that the *Titanic* was constructed of solid concrete. G. C.

Authoritative . . .

. . . readable

PARLIAMENT

W. Ivor Jennings **$6.00**

An account of "the Mother of Parliaments", showing the precedents, conventions and practices under which the British Parliamentary System works.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR. By Herbert Best. Random House. 1940. 321 *pp.* $2.50.

The apocalyptic literature of that next war which has become the current one is herewith enriched by one more volume. It does not differ widely from its predecessors. There is the familiar statement of the technical elements of the universal catastrophe —those old friends, unrestricted aerial bombing and disease warfare, resulting in the collapse of all governments. There is the usual effort to focus the general tragedy through its effect on surviving individuals—in this case a lieutenant from a British regiment and a girl who had taken a tubercular brother to an island in the Caribbean. Nor is it new in its implied comment that another (this) war will make necessary the reconstruction of civilization out of some other system of thought than that of Western Europe.

But these elements have become common to the entire school of literature. Without the thesis there would be no book; without imagining a destructive process more explosive than the likely slow decay there would be no survivors from the golden age and hence no novel. It is therefore probably not quite fair to remark on the unoriginality of a work that merely happens to fall into the same frame of reference as several others—notably John Collier's "Full Circle."

Within that frame this is a good specimen. It has smoothness of execution, a good narrative style, interesting action. Once the somewhat implausible basic postulate—of a European war of mutual extermination—is accepted, the detail of what follows is both convincing and eloquently put. And to the final complaint that the characters are types rather than individuals, it is surely possible to answer that this is a novel not so much about the fate of men as of Man.

F. P.

International

SHANGHAI: CITY FOR SALE. By Ernest O. Hauser. Harcourt, Brace. 1940. 323 *pp., with index.* $3.

This is a story of Shanghai, fifth largest city in the world, as seen through the eyes of a newspaperman and writer on Far Eastern affairs. Mr. Hauser, who was stationed in the Orient in 1935 and again in 1938-1939, has conceived Shanghai as a doomed city; a city which has "given up the ghost," and been for sale since its capture by the Japanese in 1937. His history is thus slanted along gloomy lines. Events fall into a pattern which emphasizes discord, strife, turmoil, uncertainty. Through it all the "White Man," the "taipan," the "Shanghai gentleman" live precarious lives.

The narrative opens with the coming of the "foreign devils" in 1843 on the British man-of-war *Nemesis,* the shelling of the Woosung forts, the capture of the walled city of Shanghai, and the subsequent opening of a little settlement on the river bank as a port of trade. It comes to a conclusion with the Sino-Japanese war of 1937.

Mr. Hauser packs his book with historic data but he lacks sympathetic understanding of Shanghai. He does not feel its heart beat, or appreciate the courage and vision of the men—both Chinese and foreign—who have raised it to importance as a trading city. His talk about the "taipans" and the "Shanghai gentleman" is outdated. Shanghai residents—internationals from all the world—and Chinese, have been drawn together as never before in the face of Japanese aggression. The twelve miles comprising the International and French Settlements (undestroyed during the war) house some three million persons. More than 20,000 White Russians have dug a place for themselves there. Some 25,000 refugees from Austria and Germany have found haven there as well as hundreds of thousands of Chinese from the back country. There is no city in the world as generous as Shanghai.

Mr. Hauser feels that whether Japan wins, or China, Shanghai for the foreigner is finished. He is not, however, without opposition in this belief. At a recent lecture at the Town Hall in New York, for instance, Admiral Harry E. Yarnell spoke of Shanghai as a great and gallant city, commended the American consular officials stationed there, acclaimed the work of the American missionaries, educators, and physicians, and was warm in his reference to American business men who have stayed by their post through clash and strife.

If the Japanese win the war the international laws protecting American interests in China must be enforced. If the Chinese win, on the other hand, Chinese foreign relations will, in all probability, be adjusted and there will be greater opportunity than ever before for American business, for the Chinese government will seek foreign capital for carrying out the great industrial program so disastrously retarded in 1937. E. L. B.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 12

1. Voltaire.
2. Currer Bell.
3. Artemus Ward.
4. Mark Twain.
5. E. M. Delafield.
6. Ouida.
7. Lewis Carroll.
8. George Sand.
9. George Eliot.
10. Mrs. Silence Dogood.
11. Ik Marvel.
12. Ossian.
13. Saki.
14. Anthony Abbot.
15. O. Henry.
16. AE.
17. Josh Billings.
18. Anatole France.
19. Pierre Loti.
20. S. S. Van Dine.

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Books into Pictures

THOMAS BURTON

HERE are several recent books which this department commends to Hollywood as likely motion picture material:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS. By Carl Sandburg.

Here is the material of a great motion picture that in matter and content is much superior to "Abe Lincoln of Illinois." As a poet and historian, Carl Sandburg has an eternal and understanding touch that Robert Sherwood never had. Sandburg is better able to understand this groping for expression of humanity.

"The War Years" contains scene after scene that could become great moments of motion picture history. There is Washington itself, full of office-seekers and gay parties and sellers of pork and shoddy and paper shoes. There are the men in office and out who hate Lincoln—and who in scene after scene bow to the will of the lean, black-dressed man with the chin whiskers. Lincoln comes through these volumes as a great statesman. His simple attack on pomp and snobbery is shown in page after page. Such things are natural screen material.

As for drama—what could be greater than Early's attack on Washington—when the Southern general held Washington in his power with 30,000 barefooted, hairy followers and let it go because he didn't know the city was empty of troops? Or the moment when England was ready to declare war, and Lincoln had them call off the war by freeing three prisoners of war? Or the day of the speech at Gettysburg when he knew he had left a son behind who was deathly sick; when his wife was slowly going mad; when his own Cabinet was plotting against him; when the Copperheads were whispering that the hopes of the Union lay dead in the peach orchards at Gettysburg; when after he had delivered a great and stirring address, the people just stood there staring up at him—not lifting a voice or a hand and he left the field feeling his speech had failed and all that he had said and done was a failure? This is motion picture material.

And what of the great drama of his death? Would any writer of plays ever have dared to put such a dramatic finish on his work? Lincoln, his work done—his heart feeling for the South—tired—30 pounds underweight, goes to relax at a play. In the background a fool and a madman is plotting his silly and bloody little putsch with a handful of demented stormtroopers. The drama climbs as the plot starts; the plotters gather, make mistakes, carry out a few of their plans, and then—as Lincoln sits smiling at the native actors, Booth strikes . . . flees in the night with a broken foot and a boot full of blood, and Lincoln goes into his last sleep, as one of the men around the bed, thinking perhaps of history, mouths the line—*"Now he belongs to the ages . . ."*

And who shall play the Lincoln—Sandburg's, America's Lincoln? Raymond Massey is that Lincoln. I said so when I saw the motion picture he had made of the younger Lincoln—and having seen the picture again I know he will make a great Lincoln of the war years. Sandburg should write his own motion picture script. No man living knows more about Lincoln—and a greater virtue is that no one feels so closely the spirit and the mood of the man who's story this is. Sandburg is an artist of environment, an expert among native linguists. Great sections of "The War Years" are almost pure cinema in their flow of scene and action and comment. The great stirring chapter on Lincoln's funeral procession is a climax that few productions will be able to equal.

★ ★

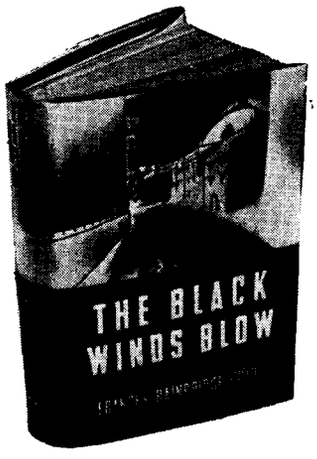
THE NAZARENE. By Sholem Asch.

The motion pictures have again and again touched on the Christ theme and failed. The most dreadful was the multi-million dollar artcraft production "King of Kings." "The Nazarene" is a fresh version with many new approaches to the Christ story. It is not written in the grave, sepulchral manner so often used by writers of this theme. Sholem Asch presents his material in a great story with an interpretation that is as timely as "Grapes of Wrath" and as interesting as the over-publicized "Gone with the Wind." Hollywood does not know its own strength. It is surprised every time it hatches out a great picture. Here is a theme and treatment which should surprise them again.

★ ★

SINCE YESTERDAY. By Frederick Lewis Allen.

Behind us lie the Threadbare Thirties, crystalized into yesterdays. Over our shoulders we can still see the last decade marching backward along the halls of history with a forced jocularity. It was a decade that we will not soon forget, a decade whose events may see the shattering of our shortening civilization or a new hope for man. Only an illiterate idealist would call it a happy decade. "Since Yesterday" should be the base from which a motion picture history of the Thirties will be built. The whole spirit and madness and nerve-tearing lament and turmoil can be captured in a simple style, telling of people and events as they slide toward the Second World



Second printing

Frances Bainbridge Colby's remarkable novel is "adroit, moving, observant . . . She has a wicked eye for the follies of social intercourse." —N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW.

The Black Winds Blow tells the story of a woman who moves in exactly the same sewing circles as Santayana's Mrs. Alden and Marquand's Mrs. Apley. ($2.50. Harrison-Hilton Books, N. Y.)

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War. A casualness of manner, a crudeness almost, is needed. A simple story could with ease be tacked onto this material. It holds us all interested as the fateful decade moves past, gathering events, while Chamberlain mouths the phrase *"Peace in our times."*

★ ★

GENTLEMAN OVERBOARD. By Herbert C. Lewis.

Here is a book of intellectual integrity that is equal to Maugham at his best. It has been overlooked by both the public and Hollywood producers. It tells the story of a gentleman who fell off a steamship and then slowly, politely, began to drown because he was too well-bred to yelp for help. Told in flashbacks, it is the story of an American who was educated beyond his means, took the wrong truths to heart, married the wrong woman, and died in the South Pacific—a gentleman true to his inescapable social destiny. No young writer today has Herbert Lewis's force, manner, and background. He will be heard from again—and Hollywood has the chance to hear him first.

★ ★

DAYS OF OUR YEARS. By Pierre van Paassen.

Van Paassen is no Zola, no Lincoln, no great character of public history whose story, when told on the screen, will send us out to live better lives. But his enthusiasms are infectious. He is a man who has seen and thought much about this whirling apple on which we live. His book is one of the really significant ones published in our times and his story told on the motion picture screen will make us understand the Age of Stormtrooping and perhaps give us a look ahead at the things to come. It is packed full of fine concentrated material. The producer who makes a picture based upon "Days of Our Years" will be the pioneer in the filming of contemporary history.

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										1-S	2-D	3-M	4-J		5-R	6-M	7-S	
8-O	9-T		10-E	11-B	12-V	13-E	14-D	15-K	16-W	17-G	18-L	19-Q	20-M	21-R		22-A		
23-I	24-E	25-H		26-I	27-G		28-J	29-B	30-L		31-V	32-F	33-O	34-L	35-G	36-N		
37-C	38-W		39-E	40-C	41-P		42-W	43-H	44-F	45-G	46-N	47-T		48-H	49-L			
50-S	51-W	52-O	53-T	54-G	55-B	56-R	57-P	58-S	59-D	60-H		61-L	62-K	63-M	64-U	65-B		
	66-O	67-V	68-U	69-B		70-F	71-G	72-H	73-S	74-T	75-C	76-A		77-D	78-F			
79-O	80-E	81-F		82-W	83-S	84-Q	85-N	86-G	87-P		88-A	89-S		90-T	91-I	92-J		
	93-V	94-O	95-I	96-F		97-P	98-M		99-B	100-R	101-D	102-G	103-S		104-I	105-D		
	106-K	107-N		108-W	109-Q	110-K	111-R	112-V		113-K	114-E	115-S		116-T	117-I	118-K		
	119-P	120-D		121-G	122-M	123-T	124-I	125-Q	126-J		127-C	128-I	129-M		130-N	131-R		
132-I		133-P	134-V	135-O	136-A	137-M	138-B	139-I		140-Q	141-O		142-S	143-J	144-A	145-L		
	146-W	147-K	148-A		149-N	150-V	151-D		152-H	153-W	154-P		155-C	156-L	157-E	158-F		
	159-V	160-Q	161-J	162-L	163-N	164-H		165-K	166-R	167-T	168-P		169-U	170-L	171-R	172-C		
	173-M	174-T	175-R	176-S	177-Q	178-O		179-H	180-E	181-C	182-J		183-N	184-S	185-P	186-T		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Make-up of periodical or book.

B. Character in "Twelfth Night."

C. 9th month of Mohammedan calendar.

D. Confuse with astonishment.

E. Andalusian solo dance.

F. Progress.

G. Artificial language.

H. Home of Anne Hathaway.

I. Three vowel sound united in one syllable.

J. Understanding.

K. First King of Judea.

L. Auspicious.

M. Railing denunciation.

N. Sum total.

O. Somewhat slow movement (music).

P. Colonial governor of Virginia.

Q. Crescent-shaped wall space.

R. Incorrect.

S. Pure-blooded.

T. Nonsensical behavior or speech.

U. English cathedral city.

V. Kind of parallelogram.

W. In a seedy manner.

WORDS

A. 136 144 76 88 148 22

B. 29 65 55 11 138 99

C. 172 127 155 181 75 37 40

D. 69 14 2 77 120 105 151 59 101

E. 10 39 13 80 114 157 180 24

F. 158 81 70 96 44 32 78

G. 102 27 121 54 35 45 71 17 86

H. 60 152 48 25 179 43 164 72

I. 132 128 26 124 91 104 23 117 95 139

J. 126 182 4 143 28 161 92

K. 118 62 165 113 106 147 110 15

L. 49 170 145 162 156 61 18 30 34

M. 137 98 63 129 20 173 3 6 122

N. 107 130 183 36 46 163 85 149

O. 135 94 8 52 66 178 33 79 141

P. 154 119 87 133 57 41 168 97 185

Q. 125 177 19 109 84 140 160

R. 5 100 111 166 175 21 131 171 56

S. 115 142 58 89 1 83 176 184 73 103 7 50

T. 90 174 186 116 74 123 167 47 53 9

U. 64 68 169

V. 12 93 67 31 159 150 134 112

W. 16 108 153 42 82 51 38 146

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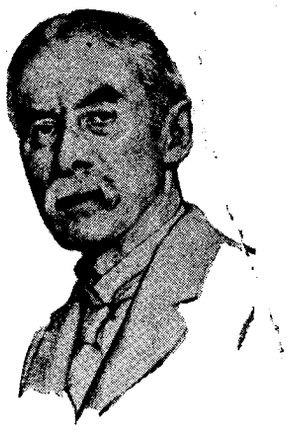

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APRIL 16, we always like to remember, was the date when the pilgrims met at the Tabard. In honor of the day, and the 600th birthday of G. C., we specially enjoy the following:—

Cavalcade

They mount; the pace henceforth never falters,
The Southwark troop begins its classic ride;
The master hand, forever at their halters,
Conducts them through the English countryside.
And each in turn has something to relate
While medieval folk ride sleeve to sleeve;
The Parson, Monk and the Knight of high estate
Hobnob with churls, the Miller and the Reeve.
With them I jog across the budding shires,
Absorbing deep the spirit of the age
From subtle magic in the printed page
Until, in sight of Canterbury's spires,
The scene which sympathetic ink restores
Dissolves;—the Metro-Goldwyn lion roars.

ARTHUR W. BELL

☞The Rosenbach Company at its N. Y. gallery (15 E. 51), now has on public exhibition an extraordinary collection of Chaucer rarities, including a fragment of the Oxford MS. of the *Canterbury Tales,* of which only two portions are known to survive. This includes miniatures of the Man of Law and the Cook; the latter brandishing a very effective-looking cleaver. ☞More dangerous than his views on morals, we thought, was the fact that Bertrand Russell on his U. C. L. A. blackboard (as shown in *Life*) misspelled the name of the great friend of Byron and Shelley, Trelawny. He wrote it *ey.* ☞As have even some of Trelawny's own publishers (e.g. Bohn). ☞M. C., gracefully describing himself as "a fellow-traveler on the good ship *Nostalgia,*" rises to Old Q.'s mention of Old King Cole in the Knickerbocker Bar, and tips his hat also to "the Bohemia and the Cairo on W. 28th or 29th Street, where the painted ladies established themselves; and the street cars which traveled westerly on 28th and returned on 29th because, according to vaudeville, they were ashamed to come back on the same street."

★ ★

☞The chapter on Mazes and Labyrinths in Rosetta Clarkson's *Magic Gardens* (Macmillan) has inspired a maze now being laid out in Audubon Park, New Orleans. The architects have invited Mrs. Clarkson to visit the maze when completed and try to find her way through. ☞W. Orton Tewson, in his always interesting syndicate *An Attic Salt-Shaker,* recalls that in his boyhood in South Norwood, a London suburb, his family doctor was a certain A. Conan Doyle. Dr. Doyle gave his young patient up for lost in some early illness, but Mr. Tewson still carries on cheerfully. ☞Speaking of the young, *St. Nicholas* has been bought by Juliet Lit Stern, wife of David Stern of the Philadelphia *Record.* Mrs. Stern will resume publication of the magazine next September and hopes to recapture some of St. Nick's ancient glamor. Office at 105 W. 40, N. Y. City.

★ ★

☞A recent visit to Chicago gave Old Q. the opportunity to visit Ben Abramson's new Argus Book Shop at 16 N. Michigan, of which Ben genially says "It's a thing of beauty, or I'm a Goy forever." ☞From the ground floor entrance, which the Argus share's with Cook's Travel Agency, one rises either by private lift or by stairway from Cook's to Books. ☞The stairs have 24 steps, and Mr. Abramson's idea is to make them alluring to his visitors by naming and decorating each step for some esteemed author, true *gradus ad Parnassum.* ☞The lowest three he has already christened the 3 Steps of Decency in honor of an Irish character in fiction, but he will be pleased to receive suggestions for the other 21. ☞The Wakefield Bookshop (64 East 55) in its attractive underground gallery is showing an exhibition of paintings by Gifford Cochran. Also unusual bindings in animal skins (and human also).

★ ★

☞Collectors of surdiana or the literature of deafness will be much interested in a remarkable letter by Harriet Martineau (1845) describing her adventures with an ear trumpet and how she used it as a touchstone for testing the breeding of those she met. This was reprinted in the February issue of *Life in Letters,* published monthly by the American Autograph Shop, Merion Station, Pa. ☞Another literary item from the Main Line is Random House's new edition of Trollope's *The American Senator* with introductory notes by two eminent Trollope-fanciers of Philadelphia, Henry S. Drinker and A. Edward Newton. ☞Old Q. did not know, until informed by Flodden Heron of the Literary Anniversary Club, San Francisco, that Ted Lilienthal, Golden Gate bibliophile, enjoys himself with a private imprint called The Quercus Press. He has recently acquired a press used by William Morris for proofing sheets of the Kelmscott books.

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